witcht with the rogues company. If the raſcal have not given me medicines to make me love him, Ile be hangd: it could not be elſe. I have drunk medicines: *Poynes*, *Hall*, a plague on you both. *Bardoll*, *Peto*, Ile ſtarve ere Ile rob a foot further: and twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and to leave theſe rogues, I am the verieſt varlet that ever chewed with a tooth: eight yards of uneven ground, is threeſcore and ten miles afoot with me: and the ſtony-hearted villains know it well enough; a plague upon it, when theeves cannot be true one to another. *They whiſtle.*
Whew, a plague upon you all, give me my horſe, you rogues, Give me my horſe, and be hang'd.

Prin. Peace ye fat guts, lie down, lay thine eare cloſe to the ground, and liſt if thou can hear the tread of Travellers.

Falſ. Have you any leavers to lift me up again being down? Z loud, Ile not bear mine own fleſh ſo far afoot again for all the coyne in thy Fathers Exchequer: what a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

Prin. Thou lieſt, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Falſ. I prethee good Prince *Hall*, help me to my horſe, Good Kings ſonne.

Prin. Out you rogue: ſhall I be your oſtler?

Falſ. Go hang thy ſelfin thine own heire apparant garters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I have not ballads made on all, and ſung to filthy tunes, let a cup of ſack be my poyſon: when jeſt is ſo forward, and afoot too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-Hill.

Gad. Stand. *Fal.* So I do againſt my will.

Poin. O tis our ſetter, I know his voice; *Bardol*, what news?

Bar. Caſe ye, caſe ye; on with your vizards, there's money of the Kings coming down the hill, tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Falſ. You lie, you rogue, tis going to the Kings Tavern.

Gad. There's enough to make us all.

Falſ. To be hanged.

Prin. You foure ſhall front them in the narrow lane. *Ned Poynes* and I will walk lower; if they ſcape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be they of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Falſ. Zounds, will they not rob us?

Prince. What, a coward, Sir *Iohn Pawnch?*

Falſ. Indeed I am not *Iohn* of *Gant* your Granfather, but yet no coward, *Hall.*

Prin. Well, weele leave that to the proof.

Poy. Sirra *Iack*, thy horſe ſtands behind the hedge, when thou needeſt him, there thou ſhalt find him, farewell, and ſtand faſt.

Falſ. Now cannot I ſtrike him if I ſhould be hang'd

Prin. *Ned*, where are our diſguiſes?

Poy. Here hard by: ſtand cloſe.

Falſ. Now, my maſters, happy man be his dole, ſay, every man to his buſineſſe.

Enter the Travellers.

Tra. Come, neighbour, the boy ſhall lead our horſes down the hill, weele walk afoot a while, and eaſe our legs.

Theeves. Stay. *Tra.* Jeſus bleſſe us.

Falſ. Strike, down with them, cut the villains throats: a horſon caterpillers! Bacon-fed knaves, they hate us, youth, down with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever.

Falſ. Hang ye gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? no, ye fat chuffes, I would your ſtore were here: on Bacons, on, what ye knaves? yong men muſt live, you are grand jurors, are ye? weele jure you, yfaith.

Here they rob them and binde them. Enter the Prince, and Poynes.

Prince. The theeves have bound the true men: now, could thou and I rob the theeves, & go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a moneth, and a good jeſt for ever.

Poy. Stand cloſe, I hear them coming.

Enter the theeves again.

Falſ. Come, my maſters, let us ſhare, and then to horſe before day: and the Prince and *Poynes* be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity ſtirring, there's no valour in that *Poynes*, than in a wilde duck.